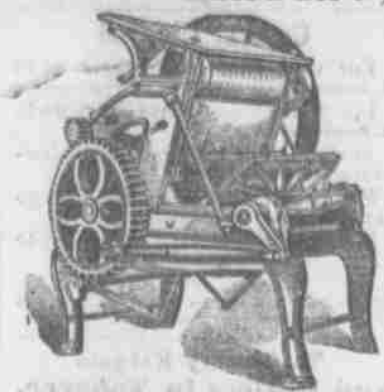


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Tiffin Weekly Tribune.

GILD YOUR FEATHERS.

Young Love let seldom ask advice, And when he ask'd, let seldom look it; But when he's humbled once or twice, And his proud spirit could not brook it; He'll get wisdom to impart; Which was to seek no maiden heart, Until he's richly gilt his feathers!

Lots and lots, and soon his pinions bore A golden blaze of beauty round him; And made him a young man of note, And a noble lord of the land.

New full of grace and sweetness found him! Such taste—such spirit—such delight— As was the worst of weather, Had but a word to say to him, That he'd be richly gilt his feathers!

THE RESCUE.

A True Story of the Supernatural.

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there lived up to a seafaring life.

When about thirty years of age, to wit, in the year 1798, he was first mate of a bark trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the banks of Newfoundland, the Captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which both descended to calculate the day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwartships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's stateroom; and from that landing there were two doors close to each other, the one opening off into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway, into the stateroom. The deck in the stateroom was in the forward part of it, close to the cabin door, and the mate was looking over his shoulder could look into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculations, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's movements. When he had completed his calculations, he called out without looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving as he thought, the captain busily writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised its head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

The mate was no coward; but, as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, he was too much for him; and instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck, and such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention. "Why, Mr. Bruce," and the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"No matter, sir! Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there, sir, there's a stranger there!"

"A stranger? Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your stateroom, fronting the door, writing on his slate. Then he looked up into my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but, sir, if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it again."

"Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color; "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul to be found!

"Did not I tell you you had been dreaming?" said the captain, pointing to the passenger, "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more, I awoke, and found you sitting at your desk, writing on your slate. What a strange thing!"

"I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a bark, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig; and to our utter astonishment, when your vessel lay in sight she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for downing men, you know, will catch at straws."

"On my word as a man as a sailor," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the mate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over and pushing it aside, Bruce, he said, "Write down, 'Stirred to the north.'"

The mate complied, and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two handwritings, said, "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came, and at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the Steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembling, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired the captain sat deep in thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow he must be a good hand at hide-and-seek. Order up all hands!"

With a large shakedown, William Allen, of the property at the lowest rate, was taken into custody by the police.

Capital - \$800,000

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and, that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board—but not a living soul beyond the crew and the captain's own faithful followers.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what the devil do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write, you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to send her away and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours late, at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course north-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look-out shift, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and, shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to starboard.

As they approached, the captain's plan disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they hoys to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation.

She was stove, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck, with no provisions, and almost all her water gone. The passengers had lost all hope of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck, was ascending the mate's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen, three or four hours before, looking up at him from the Captain's desk.

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and finished passengers were saved for, and the bark on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man is alive!"

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved. He is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. I've just seen this man."

They found him in the same circumstances as the captain of the rescued ship. The mate came forward, and expressed, in the warmest terms, his gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-consumption by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what was his duty, and that he would have done the same for any other man in his place. He then turned to the passenger, and asked him both to step down into the cabin. Then turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate. And he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not—

"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Stirred to the north-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the matter, hesitated for a moment, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then, stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to him again with the words, "What is that your handwriting?"

"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "for you saw me write it."

"And that!" said the captain, turning the man he looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"

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was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

The above narrative was communicated to me by Captain J. S. Clarke, of the bark, and was given to me by him directly from Mr. Bruce himself. They talked together for seventeen months, in the years 1836 and '37; so that Capt. Clarke had the story from the mate about eight years after the occurrence. He had since lost sight of him, and does not know whether he is yet alive. All he has heard of him since they were shipmates, is that he continued to trade to New Brunswick, that he became the master of the bark Comet, and that she was lost.

I asked Captain Clarke if he knew Bruce well, and what sort of a man he was!

"As truthful and straightforward a man," he replied, "as ever I met in all my life. We were as intimate as brothers; and two men can't be together, and live so long, without getting to know whether they can trust on another's word or not. He always spoke of the circumstances in terms of reverence, as of an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to God, and another word I'd give you my life upon it that he told me no lie."

In July, 1859, The Julia Hallcock was then lying at the foot of Rutgers Square, New York. She trades between New York and St. John's, in the island of Cuba. The Captain allowed me to use his name, and to refer to him as evidence for the truth of what is here set down.

Wise and Brown—Tension Threatened and Tension Acted.

It has been justly remarked, that John Brown was hung (and he will die rightly hung) for a crime which Gov. Wise was the first to counsel in 1836 in the event of a mere partisan triumph, and which Gov. Wise's special friends in the South every where as their intention to commit next year, if the result of the election shall fail to be in accordance with their wishes.

"That in the Captain's last, a choleric word, which in the Soldier is flat blasphemy!"

That seizure of Harper's Ferry arsenal which John Brown, ex-commander of the militia, treason, is in Gov. Wise "noble and gallant" patriotism. So says the Democratic press throughout the South. To-day, they lavish, in the same breath, curses upon the old man who died because he made the attempt, and fulsome eulogies upon the Governor who threatens to do the same thing himself. Here is Virginia's authority for the statement:

The Democracy of Berkeley county, Virginia, have held a meeting. Mr. Chas. F. Fisher, ex-commander of Congress, presided, and is an able, conservative, and national speech, thus showed the policy which Gov. Wise laid down in 1836:

"When that noble and gallant son of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, declared, as he did in October, 1859, that if Fremont was elected an avowed secessionist, he would immediately call out the militia